



Who?



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Chapter 1 by Rosa Clark

What are you? Who are you? Does it matter? Oh, the ways of the mind. What do you think, that you are just *somebody* who is named and raised?

Who are you really?

Do you know?

Chapter 2 by Lucy



What now?

Why do you come?

Why do you dream?

Who is that person, that person inside?

What are made of, beside skin and bone?

Who are you really?

And do you really know?

Chapter 3 by Will Jones



who did you wish me to be,
when you asked me to come here
all on my own,
did you not believe? or fear?

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I would come here alone?
then don't question,
for soon, you'll be shown,
when I choose, but now,
I'll offer no clues,
in time, "you'll know how,
I will make myself known.

Chapter 4 by A-TypeWriter



The mirror shows a person.
Is it me?
Why am I here?
Nobody tells me, they just stare and their eyes pierce my plastic skin
Mouths open wide, gaping, screaming, laughing.
I'm sorry, what have I done?
nothing, that's the problem.
I loved you, but I know not of love or feelings, just speech, words that enter my ears. They're
being processed.
I have the answer!
Everybody's gone.
No need to share it then. It's stacking in my mind until it eventually explodes.
Who am I?
You don't need to know.
Because you don't want to.

Chapter 5 by tiltedgypz



I will keep on , racking my brain ,
on rewind, until it mentally overloads
designed from life's smallest seed,

I will continue to grow,
you still don't know who,
after I gave you this inspiring clue,
so what's lacking in me, is
if we look into a mirror,

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it would not be made any clearer,]
the reflection we cast, holds no future
only a past, with emptiness vast,
as deep and wide, as the loneliness,
we try to hide, by not bringing into the light,
who we truly are inside,
fearing with ourselves, we may accidentally collide,
and we'd have to deal with our arrogance,
and stubborn pride, their'd be so much
we'd have to own, exposing the sweetest part,
that lays down deep, next to the bone
so you still can't tell,
perhaps your memories been torn,
I was you, on the day I was born

Chapter 6 by Vanilla



I don't know who I am
My soul, my body,
My mind, my heart,
or a combination?

Who created them?
Does it even matter?
But what is my purpose?
Doesn't it matter?

Is this really my body?
or just a disguise?
Is it a cloak, worn over my mind?
If my mind is really mine.

Does this soul, belong to me?
How did my nature, my self
come to be?
Is it me, all of it?

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Is it influenced?

Is it passed on?

I will never know.

One will live, and then die.

How deep can we go,
if we tried?

Chapter 7 by Bella Mae



Who is inside you? Does anyone know?

What awaits you as death draws nearer?

Are you blonde or brunette? Does it matter?

What awaits you as salvation clears?

Who are you? Who am I? Who are we?

Chapter 8 by tiltedgypz



Will we ever see, things any clearer,
so many answers, to hard questions, we ask,
just to know, who's`hiding, behind this mask

To expose you, to who, i am,
chances for that are pretty darn slim,

I keep things locked up tight,
letting no one in, no one then,
do, i invite, a look at who I am,
might send you away,
you'll have nothing left,

about me to say

it's only dues we all gotta pay,
but who can remember,
who they were yesterday,
only thoughts it seems,
words that could not convey

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the awkward schemes,
the wild things we did,
all we failed to do,
chasing down dreams,
all the changes, we put ourselves through,
to find out who we really are,
just to keep it hid, from everyone's view,
we'll only let you see an avatar
of some amazing bright star,
the one that hides our fear,
of anyone coming to near,
looking into our souls,
and all we truly want to portray,
in all the different roles, we choose to play,
who am I, I am just a far off look, and a sigh,
this will always, be my reply,
if you ask me why, I'll just tell you a lie,
you might have to stick around, just to see,
in time, I may show you, the real me,
who, I am, and all I long to be,
and the reason why,
and all I'll want to do, is see clearly,
the real you, before we say,
farewell my old friend,
knowing, this is the way it would end,
with a far away glance, and a sigh,
then with a kiss, we wish each other, goodbye

the end

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